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ORPHANS AT MONASTIR. (See page 437.)



SCHOOL GIRLS IN MONASTIR. (See page 436.)

Life and Light

VOL. XXXVI

OCTOBER, 1906

No. 10

MISSIONARY PERSONALS. Miss Adelaide S. Dwight, who has been teaching in our school at Talas, has been obliged to return to this country for a season on account of ill health. Miss Agnes M. Lord, who has had the care of American School for Girls at Erzroom, in Eastern Turkey, has resigned her position and returned to America. Miss Caroline E. Frost, a teacher at Umzumbé, has come home for her well earned furlough. Miss Frances E. Griswold, of Maebashi, is returning to her work after a year of rest in America.

OUR ANNUAL MEETING. The women of the Portland churches will make us welcome with the warmest of hospitality, and the meetings will be full of interest. The one topic chosen to run through all the sessions is Prayer and the Kingdom, and we hope that a new impulse will come from the discussion of the great theme. Missionaries from Africa, India, China, Japan, Turkey and perhaps other countries plan to give us their help, and a social evening will bring the delegates nearer together. Do not miss this meeting if the choice of going or staying is before you.

NEW LITERATURE. We are just issuing a story of the tour of a woman doctor in Southern India. Our beloved Dr. Parker, who has charge of the hospital for women and children in Madura, tells us of her recent visit to some of the villages in the vicinity, and her pictures of the need she found and the welcome she met give a new idea of her Christ-like mission. Price, 3 cents. The *Historical Sketch of the Woman's Board* issued in 1895 has been carefully revised, in part rewritten, and brought to date, including lists of missionaries and assistants. Price, 5 cents. The Prayer Calendar for 1907, now for the first time issued jointly by the Woman's Board and the Board of the Interior, is ready. It contains the names of all the women sent as missionaries by the American Board, with carefully selected quotations, much information, and many telling illustrations. The one insistent request of all our missionaries is, Pray for

us. With this calendar we may be sure to remember every one in turn, and may know that we join our petitions with those of thousands of other women the world around, asking for the same blessing. It is a pretty calendar, too. Have you not some friend who does not yet know the joy of the world-wide interest, who would follow on day by day in these supplications were you to put this in her hand? We may put it in our list of gifts for birthdays or Christmas. Price, 25 cents; sent by mail, 30 cents. Miss Hartshorn will send any of the above on receipt of price. A new responsive service for thank-offering meetings is just ready. Price, 75 cents per hundred.

All who lead in the study of *Christus Redemptor* will want the little manual, *How to Use the Text-book*, with outline of lectures, by Mrs. Montgomery. Price, 10 cents.

IN
MEMORIAM. Though not one of our commissioned missionaries, yet the service of Miss Edith MacDougal has been so timely and effective that we must pay a word of tribute at her death. Miss Hammond's ill health had driven her from the school at Chihuahua, and Miss Long was sorely overburdened when Miss MacDougal came to her help. Full of enthusiasm and sympathy, tactful with the children, and most winsome to the older pupils, she soon managed to take much of the school care. So faithful was her work that Mrs. Eaton says of the examination of her classes: "I could hardly believe my eyes and ears—those children who a year before could speak no English and knew nothing of figures, were now doing difficult exercises swiftly and accurately. She had done wonders." But a disease from which she had suffered previously laid a renewed hold upon her, and soon it was plain that her work in school was over. Her sister came to take her to her California home, but while resting at El Paso the door to the mansion prepared was opened, the many miles across the desert were spared her, and she found her rest. But those girls at Chihuahua will be better women for the brief touch of that noble teacher.

UNSETTLED CONDITIONS In all the stir and ferment of the nations that
IN SOUTH AFRICA. comes with an enkindled consciousness of race to be loved and rights to be fought for, South Africa is feeling the new life in a trying way. Africa for the Africans is their thought and their claim—who can blame them? But shrewd and enterprising Anglo-Saxons have said, No, Africa for Britain, for the Empire, and all her treasures for our pockets. To the natives they would give only heathenism and slavery. So the British government, in protecting its subjects and their commercial interests in a country where they are at best but intruders, lays a heavy hand on the native peoples, and tries to thwart the work of the missionaries who

would lift them to a better life. Schools are diminished or scattered, churches are closed, and many vexing and hindering restrictions are laid upon the workers both foreign and native. Blood has already been shed, in the effort to rule with an iron hand, and troublous times may be coming. Our missionaries there need special sympathy and prayerful remembrance, that they may have tact and patience and strength to meet their need. And may Jehovah, in whose hand is the king's heart like a watercourse, turn the heart of those who decide the policy of the government so that justice may be done, and the progress of the Kingdom be hastened.

THE WORD FROM THE TREASURER. At first sight the news is startling—\$3,106.14 received between July 18 and August 18, against \$9,818.46 in the corresponding month of last year. We learn, however, that in that month in 1905 a little more than \$4,000 came in designated by the donors for two much-needed buildings. So that really the loss is \$2,692.32 instead of more than twice that sum. The net gain for the ten months, however, is only \$2,224.16 and we need to be very diligent and very generous to bring in the \$120,000 before October 18. When you are reading this the days are growing few. Let every treasurer send in all her holdings and every giver add, as she is able, to her joy in helping the work of the Master.

The Need in Macedonia

BY MISS RADA E. PAVLEVA

DO missions pay? Does it pay to give money, support missionaries, deny ourselves, give up our homes and friends to go to benighted lands with the light of life? Did it pay for Christ to leave all and give his life for us? Oh, friends, I wish I could take you with me to Macedonia as I sail in a month for my work there; I would show you homes of different nationalities, nominally Christians, but practically still in spiritual darkness. Just now you would find so much sorrow and unhappiness; then come to our little mission school at Monastir, where you will meet our girls, many coming from the above mentioned homes. You will find in their faces the joy and peace which comes only as a reflection from within, and you will ask what makes them different. When you learn that the difference is the result of the money you have spent to send your people across, that it is because of the love you have for those who are in darkness, you would know, you would be more than assured, that missions pay, because to save one soul is worth more than the whole world.

But it is not only one soul that has been saved (in our school) in Macedonia ; I can count many who have gone out of our school with the life-giving word, to lead others, to tell them of joy and hope beyond the grave.



RADA PAVLEVA

A teacher in the Monastir School. Macedonian costume.

As I write, I recall the time when I attended a funeral, and trying to comfort the bereaved mother by telling her of the love and mercy of God, and she looking up in surprise said, "Why, God loving and merciful? Is he not an angry God sitting with a big sword in his hand over a hot boiling kettle ready to put into it the sinners?" Friends, does it pay to bring to such as these the knowledge of the fatherhood of God? Do you know what it would mean to you to lose your dear ones and have not the comfort and the hope which come to us through Christ? There are only a very few who have any conception of Christ as a personal Saviour, and that salvation is a free gift of God to all.

How often I have had the answer given me when I have asked, Do you know why Christ came to this world, "Oh, he came to divide the religions, or, "We do not know; that is the work of our priests to know."

What does your mission school for girls at Monastir do for such spiritual ignorance? This: it gives our girls the common school education, but above all, and first of all, we see that everyone has a Bible, which, read with the desire to know the truth, has never yet failed to recompense the reader. And our girls learn to love their Bibles; and Christ's teachings, as always when taken in the heart, changes the life, which change is reflected. This change and reflection tells when they go to their homes in the small towns and villages of Macedonia, as teachers, Bible readers, or wives. I recall one of the many such

girls who have left us, one who is still engaged in the good work, who came to us when quite advanced in years, but she did not get discouraged although she had to begin with the primer. She stuck to her lessons until she completed the course, after which she was sent as a Bible worker near her own village, where she worked faithfully for seven years, and as a result thirty women have found Christ.



GIRLS' SCHOOL AT MONASTIR

I ask again, dear friends of America, does it pay to have missions? It more than pays, and the more you do this kind of work for us, the more God will bless you in your own soul and in your own land. God bless you for what you have done for us in the past, and may he encourage and strengthen your hands for the future.

The Orphanage in Monastir, European Turkey

BY MISS EDITH V. CURRIER

(See *frontispiece*)

WHILE spending a year at the girls' school in Monastir, substituting for Miss Matthews during her furlough in America, it was my privilege and pleasure to give two afternoons of the week to the little orphans in the orphanage, teaching them to sew. Let me tell you how these little orphans came there. Three years ago, after the

terrible massacres, they were gathered in from the different villages that had been burned. There was neither food nor shelter for them, but a quick response came from both England and America at the cry for help. An English gentleman gave money to provide a permanent home where some forty of these little ones are being cared for, or I might better say, "must be cared for," for there is no special fund to carry on the expenses of this home, except by personal donation. They must be clothed, fed, and educated. All this is done according to the means at hand, which are limited, yet the children deeply appreciate the kindness.

I remember one afternoon in church, during a season of earnest prayer, over twenty of these little ones took part, as though their hearts overflowed with gratitude for the blessings they had received during that bitter winter. They were simple prayers, something like this: "We thank thee, our Father, for food, shelter and a warm place to live." I wish you could see what a change a few months will make in their appearance and manners; how soon their little hearts respond to the story of Jesus and his love for them. Often, of a summer evening, I would hear them from my window, singing in their native language, "Jesus loves me, this I know," and many other familiar childish hymns. I do not think my heart was ever more gladdened by sight of children's joy than at that Christmas season, when the tree used in the school for our girls was retrimmed the following night for the little orphans. They had never seen such a sight before—a tree covered with toys, candies, dolls, and all lighted with pretty candles. I cannot describe the joy and wonderment in their faces. Some ladies in Buffalo had sent a dozen dolls with real hair, eyes that closed, hands and feet that moved, prettily dressed—was there ever anything more wonderful? But what a difficult matter for us to decide—only twelve dolls and twenty-six girls. The smallest children must have them, except one, a little sweet, patient, lame girl. As the dolls were taken from the tree, how each one listened to hear if her name would be called. How their eyes danced with joy as they received them, hugging them with a "little mother" love.

Several weeks after the holidays a new girl was brought in. She was soon taken with a slow fever and confined to her bed for some time. One day she said, "I wish I had one of those pretty dollies." Her wish was repeated to little Menka, who was the happy owner of a blue-eyed dolly that she treasured with the greatest care. She came to one of the teachers and said, "Please may I give my doll to the sick girl?" Do you think it meant a sacrifice? Yes, but little Menka had already learned one of the sweetest lessons of life—that it is more blessed to give than receive.

I think the thing that drew me most to these little ones was the great heart

hunger for a mother's love. Metsa, a black-eyed tot of four years, was a peculiar child. Some said she was moody, a stubborn child, and so it would appear, for at times, without any apparent cause, she would burst into a torrent of tears, throwing herself on the floor and sobbing till she was exhausted. One day, during my hour with the children, she was taken with one of her "spells." The teacher took her out in the hall, where she cried and sobbed till I could stand it no longer. Going out, I found her on the floor. I could not speak to her in her own language, but took her up in my arms, kissing her little forehead as I wiped the tears away, quietly rocking and patting her. She stopped her crying as abruptly as she had begun. In a few minutes I led her back to the schoolroom. That ended it. I never had any more trouble with her. Sometimes I would see her pull the thread out of her needle that she might come to me to thread it again for her, and if I passed through the grounds at any time she would run in my path that I might pat her cheek. I only tell this little incident that the "mother hearts" may be touched as they think of these little ones hungry for a mother's love, remembering his word, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these little ones, ye do it unto Me."

Pictures from Diong-loh

BY MISS HARRIET L. OSBORNE

THE dear women who are interested in the Abbie Child School will be glad to know that our school, and yours, is booming this term. The leaven of those twenty-five-cent dolls which went abroad through the land when the children returned home just after Christmas time developed marvelously, and turned many feet toward this source of education and things beautiful. Our numbers have almost doubled, and I have had the pleasure of ordering new beds and bed coverings. Where we had twenty-five sleeping last term, we now stow away forty-one, and this number with the assistants makes forty-six persons occupying seven bedrooms. Miss Worthley and I certainly should have a moving day soon. We are in part of the school building you know, and if the numbers increase next term, as we believe they will, we will not have space to put the children, unless indeed we fill up our halls.

Then, too, the subject of the education of girls has taken a splendid start through the district, as we knew it would when the people found that the girls who came last term lived and returned home unharmed. The wonderful stories these girls told of the new and interesting things learned were

likewise good to convert doubting hearts. Then, too, our nice foreign building perched on this slightly hill attracts more than typhoons. Large numbers of visitors from the stream of travel on either side of us report to the country for miles around the work that is being done for Chinese girls here. Many parents have begun to prepare their minds and their daughters' clothing, so that we have reason to expect a larger family next term.

Last Monday we found our dear head teacher in spasms. I had never been near a spasm before. How we deplore our lack of medical knowledge. One needs to be *multum in parvo* here—teacher, surgeon, dentist, architect, boss carpenter, lawyer, encyclopedia, and most of all, saint. Well, we had not much skill, but we did have plenty of hot water, common sense, and an upper shelf of simple remedies, and these were taxed to the utmost before we succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. Five times, with increasing difficulty, this experience was repeated in the three days and seemingly forty nights before a doctor could be sent for and reach us from Foochow. During all this time she was in a stupor, and we had no proper medicines and no help. Had not our simple remedies and the Father's help kept her here, we should have lost our mainstay, our best worker, and the people an earnest leader.

But all through this district men, women and little children, who have no help at all, are dying. Last month one of our most valued Bible women, Ging-bo-so, an enthusiastic teacher of a fine class of women, was sacrificed because just a little intelligent help did not reach her. The loving hearts that gathered about her could only watch her die, because they did not know what to do. Physicians' shingles overlap one another at home. I saw five on one short block of six houses before I came away. We have five hundred thousand waiting for just one of them. Why won't she come? Perhaps she does not realize how much we need her. Perhaps she is afraid of the Boxers in the American papers. We are not troubled by them here in China, except as we learn how they worry and distress our loved ones at home. The trouble seems as far from us as it does from you. Of course it is not, and of course it may be nearer at any time "the powers that be" so order, but certainly we see no indications of trouble.

Miss Worthley and Mrs. Hubbard have just made a ten days' campaign through the roughest part of our field. The villages are out along the coast, and the men are pirates by birth and election. They are notoriously lawless and wicked. If a traveler has anything on his back or in his pack worth taking, he never reaches his destination; there is simply one more heap in the wind woven sand. Only a few days before their visit to one of these places a baby boy was snatched from its mother's arms as she sat with

him in the cool dusk on her own doorstep, and then was beaten within hearing distance that the child's screams might force a larger ransom from the grief stricken mother. This is Kong-cheng; it is but a sample of the coast town. And yet in every place these two unprotected foreign "teacher aunts" met with the utmost kindness and courtesy; everywhere crowds flocked to hear them, especially the women and children, and these they particularly wanted to reach.

You picture these women filing quietly into the chapel or meeting place, and sitting down in straight, orderly rows, perhaps. That is just what they do not do. To sit would seem to be committing one's self to acquiescence. They crowd and stand, each woman with one or two noisy babies; they talk aloud, discuss the dress, age and future prospects of the strange visitors; if any question does not find ready solution, they shout it to the ladies concerned. What a hubbub they make. Singing always causes a hush. That is so funny, because so different from their own falsetto tones. Then in the few moments a plain, straight talk is given, until curiosity awakens and gets to work again. Some days Miss Worthley and Mrs. Hubbard spoke as many as seven times, and you can scarcely conceive the strain on one's mind, tact, wit, nerves, very life. But oh, it is blessed work, and one who has done it would never be content not to do it.

If you could live one day and spend one night in any one of our heathen villages you would realize what is meant by "heathen darkness." You would think Du-gio a place for lost souls if you judged from the people's faces, they are so utterly hopeless! Three or four thousand people and one Christian—our little teacher. She has gathered a class of four, who come to her poor, dirty room every afternoon, and in their slow, plodding way are spelling out the words of the primers that lead up to the reading of the Word of life. When I wrote "dirty room," I knew you would, naturally, immediately say, "Why don't you begin with the gospel of soap and sand?" The why's are too much for us! Saturday Miss Worthley said, "Let's get this room clean," and we looked about with an eye to accomplishment, and then just said, "Oh, dear, isn't it awful!" We should have to make it over, to put in a board floor instead of beaten mud with its accumulations of fifty or sixty years; to replaster the wall and mend those broken places filled now with neighbors' noses and eyes; to do away with the sliding board that makes the window, the native mud stove, that fills the room with smoke from the dried ferns burned as fuel; to move the pigpen from its too friendly quarters, and the neighbors' chickens from the doorstep. Then we would buy water at so much a bucketful, and pay a man to carry it. And by that time the heathen men of the village (and there are no others) would con-

clude that this Christian widow was rolling in wealth, and would begin a series of petty and painful persecutions to extort this money from her. And this room is not unlike a number of others where our classes are held.

We go out into the court and sing, "Jesus loves me," and this gathers the crowd at once. While they are getting used to us we explain the hymn to them. There were old people; hard, tired, cross, old people, in the lines of whose faces you read that life has been a long, hard fight. Now they are fighting with aches and pains and misery, trying hard to keep hold of it because they are afraid to let it go. Some of the old women repeat our prayer, "Lord Jesus, forgive my sins," diligently as if they expected it to give them sure passport to that happy place of which we tell them.

There are the middle aged and young. The men repeat our words with seeming honesty, and we see them nudging their neighbors as if they were cheating us. That's the way some of our own civilized people would do, perhaps, if two outlandish persons should suddenly drop down into their midst and attempt to teach a doctrine they knew could never be true. Our people, more's the pity, would do more than laugh, while these heathen are very courteous, and treat us with the utmost kindness.

Some of the young women seem interested. One young thing with pain in her face, and a miserably sick baby in her arms said, "Will He surely hear if we pray to him?" And the yearning told us what her heart craved; it was that her baby boy might be cured of his disease—an awful growth which must soon cause his death. Yes, we could assure her that God does hear, but we could not tell her that there was for her little one no hope. When they know absolutely nothing about God, it is not an easy matter to make them understand how an all-powerful Being, who loves his people, can so afflict them. That would take many lessons. We so long to go again to Du-gio and do or say something to bring comfort to the poor mother's heart, but we have much to do, and the June weather has become so warm we dare not go out in the sun for fear of sunstroke; we wait for the occasional cloudy, cooler day when it will be safe to go. We must pray that our little Bible woman may be led to help her.

"A LETTER from Paotingfu reports that the writer, noticing a commotion in the street, followed a crowd to the brink of a canal into which he saw officials by order of the Viceroy, dump the idols of several temples required for schoolhouses. The people manifested curiosity but no resentment, accepting it as a step in social evolution."—*Peking, April 24, 1906.*

"Fast Mail" in Turkey

BY MISS GRISELL M. MCLAREN

MONDAY evening, April 23, we, Dr. Ussher, Schwester Clara and I, began our voyage by boat across Lake Van to our out-station, Argish, hoping to reach it Wednesday noon. At the front of our boat was a cabin about four feet high, so damp and filthy that not even a heavy rain could induce us to enter it. At the other end, about four feet was occupied by a sort of after-cabin or store-room on which the steersman stood. The center of the boat was filled up with boxes, bales and bags of grain, leaving a space of about 40 x 95 inches free for passengers. Fortunately all but eight were content to occupy the cabin or the top of the freight. The free space was left to our party, three other women, a boy and a man. Before we could leave port, the captain had to go for government permission. He soon returned for a passenger list, which he took to the police who had refused permission without it. Then we had to wait until the police came to see if the list was true, and then came another wait for wind, and about ten o'clock the anchor was hauled up, the sail raised, and away we went. Our three beds—quilts sewed up like bags, open at one end and part way down one side—were laid down side by side, lapping over each other, and we lay down to rest. Along the side of the boat at my back were a lot of young trees which added greatly to the comfort. At our feet the five others huddled, one crosswise of the boat. A straw matting was under our beds, but the boards under that were not of the softest nor yet smoothest. All night the three sailors kept calling to each other, and the men on the freight kept up a lively conversation. One Turk gave us great encouragement by telling of someone who had spent thirty days making, probably, the trip that we had set out to make. A sharp wind came up giving a pleasant motion to the boat, but the sailors got excited and one of the passengers begged them to make for the nearest land. In the morning the center of the boat presented an appearance not unlike the steerage of an ocean liner on a small scale. About every five minutes a new face appeared until it became evident that there were fifteen passengers of six nationalities,—American, German, Scotch, Armenian, Turk and Kurd. All day Tuesday we drifted about the lake. With the three sailors rowing, we were able to go forward only about one mile for every two that we went out of our way. Several of the passengers presented a most melancholy appearance as the motion of the boat did not agree with them. The sun was bright and warm, and the lake and surrounding scenery were beautiful.

Towards evening we reached the place where we were to tie up for the night, and it was a great relief to be able to stretch one's limbs on the shore. We ate our supper and breakfast on the beach beside a bonfire, and the next morning before we finished eating the sailors began calling "Hurry up, we must go." We gathered our things in a hurry and ran for the boat, but the need of such haste is still a mystery. There was no wind, so a long rope was fastened to the masthead, and the captain with some of the passengers walked along the shore towing the boat after them. Sometimes the banks were very steep and high, but the men scrambled up and down without much difficulty. Of course we made great progress and in about two hours we reached another harbor, where we were told that we should have to spend the rest of that day and perhaps the next. This was discouraging, but we made the best of a bad bargain. We found some very pure emery on the beach, and filling bags with this took some time. A party was formed to go the village, about three-quarters of an hour away, to get food. It is well that our supply had not given out entirely, for the villagers refused to sell us anything. Being accustomed to giving things after being cursed and beaten, they could not understand why they should give eggs and milk when asked in gentle tones and money offered. Finally we managed to get a quart of milk at a big price, and the next day a little more. Rain began rather early in the day and kept up, with occasional stops, until well along in the evening. Some of our companions went to the village for the night, and others took their possessions into the cabin of another boat and we made a tent from the steamer rug and the sail, and did not get very wet.

Just before dark we reached Argish in a pouring rain. The town is not on the lake shore, and our boatman insisted that he was taking us to the nearest port, but we found that he was not telling the truth for we had to walk one and one half hours instead of forty-five minutes. Some of the school children came out to meet us, for the teachers were in our party, and also some of the church members. We were entertained at the home of one of the brethren, and it was a great comfort to get into a clean room after three days in that dirty boat.

The weather was not good during our stay so we could not do much sight seeing. Many came to Dr. Ussher for bodily healing, and some few sought healing of soul and found it. We have six orphans there in homes, and we spent one afternoon in visiting them. Saturday the school children were gathered, and a few lessons given so that we might get a little idea of the school work. The teachers here (who also act as preachers) are two young men, graduates of the orphanage, and their wives, one of whom was an orphan and the other a boarder in our school, both graduates of last year.

Two of the church members had a quarrel (or rather one was mad at the other), and this had to be settled before communion could be held on Sunday. Sunday morning the little chapel was well filled. Dr. Ussher preached and administered communion to fourteen. At noon the small son of our host was baptized, and the chapel was again crowded and many turned away for lack of room. The brethren here want a new church and school, and they need it, and it was the hardest part of all the trip to have to tell them that we cannot help them this year. After church Dr. Ussher organized a Christian Endeavor Society among the young men, while I had a meeting with our orphan girls and a few others. Sunday evening we had a prayer meeting with some of the church members. Every evening our next door neighbor, a Turkish official, entertained us with his phonograph.

Monday morning we got up at three, for we were due at the boat about four. But the man who was to take our things down on his ox cart began to feed his oxen at starting time, and we finally reached the boat two hours late. Of course, as we were the chief passengers, no start was made until we were safely on board. Then, with the usual shouting and noise, the gang plank was pulled up, the sail hoisted, and we were off in about ten minutes. A good wind had been blowing while we were delayed, but this died down shortly and the sailors had to take to the oars again. About noon we reached our desired haven where we were to stay until the next morning. This is a large island on which is a very old monastery. The almond trees were in full bloom, and everything was fresh and green after the rain. We were most cordially received here, and more food than we could eat brought for us. After vesper service we took some pictures inside the church, which is a beautiful old place full of queer pictures. Then all the ecclesiastics put on their second best robes (they were afraid to take out their best lest the Kurds hear of them) and had their pictures taken. Some of the robes were beautiful, one being soft old rose colored satin, elaborately embroidered. One old priest had his first watch and he did not understand its working, and his questions about it were most childlike and amusing. Dr. Ussher began a spiritual conversation with some of the younger men, but an old bishop soon interrupted that. He was not going to have his pupils corrupted by conversation on spiritual things by one who denied the immaculate conception, and did not believe in transubstantiation.

About three the next morning we again set sail. The wind was not favorable, and about two hours before we reached our destination it began to rain, and kept up so steady a stream that our steamer rug tent soon soaked through and we had to use dishes to catch the water. It was past noon when we reached the next island at which we were to spend the night, and

the rain was coming down in torrents. We were met by a young man from the monastery, who took us into the teacher's room where there was a hot fire. They could not do enough for us here. A few years ago it was forbidden for a woman even to set foot on this island; since it was women who caused the death of John the Baptist, they are cursed. The monastery is called "Saint Garabed," which is one of his names. The monks are more enlightened now, and showed us into the most holy part of the church, and even into the room in which is the tomb of John the Baptist. His arm is said to be buried there.

Wednesday morning we started on the last stretch toward Van. The wind was again not favorable, and what can be done sometimes in one and a half hours took us six. We were away from Van from Monday evening, April 23, to Wednesday, May 2. We spent six days and five nights in making a trip which a boat independent of wind would have made in less than twelve hours.

Many villages on the lake shore might be reached with a small steamboat. We are trying now to get one, and hope that we may have assistance enough from friends outside so that we can have an engine for the boat which we are planning to build this summer. It is evident that much touring cannot be done on the Lake Van boats. Such a tour may do for once, and be considered good fun, but our work will not permit a repetition of it. Next time we go to Argish by boat we will use our own steam launch or else go on horseback by the road.

The Connecting Link

BY MISS ANSTICE ABBOTT



MISS ANSTICE ABBOTT

NARAYANRAO came out of the bungalow with a glow of purpose on his face. His finely chiseled features quivered slightly but in his eyes was a steadfast light. His head erect, he threw his long white scarf gracefully with a quick gesture over his left shoulder and walked through the gate into the street with a firm step.

He had come to a crisis in his life. What was beyond, who could tell? But now, come what would, his purpose was unchanging. There must be no more delay. To-night the matter must be settled, and she—ah!—

It was growing late dusk, but his wife's face came up clear before him. He recoiled a moment, almost stopped, and then with a little gasp went

slowly on with his head bent. He seemed to study the face before him. Her hair, how neat it was and shining in its blackness, the smooth, full forehead, the proud little nose, the sweet mouth, the beautiful brown eyes, limpid and tender. He could even see the pretty earrings he had just given her twinkling in her dainty ears. Such a bright, happy face altogether! Could he ever bear to see that loved face blanched with horror and even repulsion? Repulsion toward him? He shut his eyes and set his teeth with a groan. Then coming to himself, he drew up sharply and looked about to see if anyone had noticed him.

It was well that it was late and the street almost deserted; otherwise seeing him, men would have said: "What's the matter with Narayanrao? Looks as if he had been dismissed." But this would have been improbable, for Narayanrao was high in government service for a young man and drew a large salary.

Whatever the trouble, he no longer brooded over it or its result, but hastened to his home. Yes, there was the dear face just as he had seen it, a little in the shadow of the door, but with a smile of greeting. Crossing the court he stepped into the house and taking his wife's chin into his hand caressingly, he looked with tender anxiety into her loving eyes. Her eyelids dropped and she moved back quickly into the shadow, that he might not see a swelling tear roll down her cheek. She waited for his usual cheery word, but when she saw him turn away in silence to put by his coat and turban her heart gave a throb of anxiety.

Usually when he returned at evening the children were in the court, with joyous welcome and ready for a glad play. His wife always at the door, expecting a passing caress and a: "Dinner late, as usual?" or: "Rice burnt up, I suppose!" or something, which, accompanied by a comic frown, meant, translated, "The best dinner in the town is ready for me, I know." At any rate; the pretty housekeeper always took care that it should be so and she knew that her lord and master fully appreciated the comforts of his tidy home. But to-night the hour was unusually late, and the children had gone to bed on their mat in the next room. The mother recalling the anxiety in the father's eyes, and feeling the silence, made ready the meal with an unwonted dread in her heart.

Her husband, removing his upper garment, as was his wont, sat down on the floor before the well-filled board and his wife waited upon him. Not knowing what to make of his preoccupied face, not sad but strangely grave, she studied his every want. When, however, in returning with fresh water to refill his brass cup, she saw his hand resting on the rice, with a mouthful held listlessly in his fingers, she could bear the anxiety no longer, but going

behind him, she said in a low and troubled voice: "Will not my lord tell his Yamuna what weighs upon him? Is he ill?"

Looking up quickly and with his usual smile, he answered: "No, not ill. I must have been thinking."

"Is it of trouble? Of some calamity?"

"No, no calamity." Then, as if to himself, "But what the result will be, God only knows."

As he fell to eating again, Yamunabai did not dare to question him further. She waited upon him with even more care than usual. Then, after



HINDU SCHOOLBOYS

he had finished his meal, she cleansed the brass dishes, taking a mouthful here and there from what her husband had left on his plate, for she had no heart to sit down and eat the food she had laid aside for herself. While she was so occupied, Narayanrao was restlessly moving about the little room. He put his upper garment on again as if to sit on the little veranda, as was his custom, ready to chat with any neighbor who might come in, or, as if going himself to a neighbor's but he did not go out. He took a book from a shelf and put it back again; sat down to a table and arranged his writing materials, then pushed them aside; at last, he slyly took a book out of his coat pocket and began to read in it. As soon as it was quiet in the room, the father heard his little son singing very softly and sweetly, "Jesus

loves me, this I know." A baby voice tried to join him as he went on in the hymn, whereupon there were whisperings and smothered little giggles. Then a repetition. The chorus went better, for the baby sister could lip, "Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me." The man listened intently and when his wife seemed to have finished her work, he called her to him and said: "What are the children singing? Where did they learn that?" In an instant the little voices were hushed. The children had thought their father had gone outside as usual, for their mother had told them not to sing when their father could hear them as it would disturb him. Her true fear was of angering him. So in a low voice and with dread in her heart, she answered: "Vishnu learned it at the mission school. You remember you told me I might send him there as the government school is too far away."

"Do they teach their religion to the children?"

"They teach them hymns and verses from their Scriptures."

"Who is this Jesus they are singing about!"

The wife looked up in quick surprise. Surely her husband must have heard of him somewhere; then drooping her head, she answered gravely: "The Son of God," and trembled at her audacity.

"Where did you learn that?" he said.

As she did not answer at once, he went on, "The Bible women, as they call them, was it not? Those whom I forbade the house? Have they been here?"

"Oh, no, they have not been here; I have never disobeyed you in that." She could say no more, but bowed her head under the expected wrath of her husband.

Narayanrao awoke at once to the realization of his own cowardice. He was making his trembling little wife confess while he was gaining time to strengthen his courage. So bravely but with an unsteady voice, he said: "Yamuna, what would you say if you knew that your husband believed in and loved this same Jesus?"

She started and came nearer to her husband. What did he mean? Was he in this cruel way drawing out of her a confession that he might denounce her? What had he heard? In the rapidity of these thoughts, she forgot that he was awaiting an answer, and he, guessing her thoughts, said gently: "Do not be afraid, my beloved Yamuna, but speak and tell me, for it is true."

(To be continued)

Dedication of Chambers Hall, Bardezag, Turkey

BY MISS SOPHIA NEWNHAM

ALTHOUGH not one of your regular missionaries, I have for eight years worked under your most devoted representatives, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Chambers, at Bardezag, Turkey, in Asia. I esteem it a great privilege to have been initiated by them into this work, and to have been a daily witness to their faith and patience in toil under innumerable difficulties. Now that I have seen also a bit of visible reaping I hope you will find room in the pages of LIFE AND LIGHT for a few lines of description.

Of course there have been many cases of fruit before this, letters from young men who had left the school, telling how the seed there sown had sprung up and was being resown by them in fresh hearts and many communities; from the priest who, at his ordination in the Gregorian Church, read to his people Dr. Chambers' message of encouragement and advice, to the successful merchant in America, sending each year help for the work in the loved Armenian village. But this time, June 26, 1906, a solid stone building rose before our eyes on the side of the hill above the high school. Thither, on the eventful commencement day, sympathetic crowds wended their way up the avenue of embryo limes, past the entrance to the gymnasium in the basement into the spacious, cool hall, and awaited the opening ceremony, June 26, 1906.

Mrs. Chambers, a "mother in Israel" as she has been called, was there pinning the school colors on to the boys who were graduating, arranging pots of glorious lilies and other flowers on the platform, and generally seeing things straight. At last the school band struck up the Turkish march, and the audience rose to their feet as the procession entered, led by the beloved president and his loyal staff of teachers, English-Canadian and Armenian. After them came many old graduates, who had gathered to join in the triumph, and then the eleven young men—this year's graduating class.

As they reached their appointed places the whole assembly joined in singing the Doxology in Armenian. Dr. Der Stepanian, representing the Bardezag Alumni Society, read an interesting report of the work of the alumni in various lands, and the deep and loving loyalty felt by them all to the school which had so largely influenced their lives for good; a feeling which has found expression in the erection of this building designed to further the physical and spiritual culture of the pupils for many years to

come. A gilded key of the hall was presented to Dr. Chambers with the assertion that it had been unanimously decided to call the building Chambers Hall. The evident emotion with which this token of affectionate gratitude was received thrilled also through the entire audience, and Dr. Chambers' speech of acceptance was followed by a silence more eloquent than applause, broken by the singing of the school hymn. Then a short service of dedication was used, the responses being made by the school and chanting by the choir.

The usual program followed: speeches in four languages by the new graduates, fatherly advice to them from Dr. Chambers as he presented to each the long desired diploma, addresses of congratulation and advice by various visitors come from a distance to assist. There was a Turkish official sent by the governor of Ismid, a delegate from the monastery at Armash, a professor from Marsovan, besides priests Gregorian and Catholic from our own village, all heartily sympathizing in the joy of the event. The boys from the orphanage had mostly gone for their holidays a few days earlier, but their alumni also wished to help, and are subscribing generously to supply a Kitson lamp, as one expressed it, "for Dr. Chambers' new house." For it should be known that every single orphan looks up to him as to a father, and appreciates the individual love and care that never failed whilst they enjoyed the comforts of the home and that follows them even in their course in Turkey or other lands. Their jealousy of their rights of belonging to him as much as any high school boy is most amusing.

In the evening Mrs. Chambers gathered her big boys around her hospitable table and for one more sociable evening together, and by 3.30 A. M. we were all starting on our travels far and wide. If only you at home could realize the depth of the good work done in Bardezag gifts would flow in to meet the need. But telescopes are not as heart stirring as close-up views.

Nineteenth Century Miracles in the South Sea Islands

BIBLE students tell us that the miracles recorded in Scripture were wrought at three great epochs, times when men specially needed a new proof of the divine nearness and power. No one can read the story of the change of the South Sea Islanders from deepest heathenism to simple and heartfelt Christianity and not be convinced that here too were signs that the same Jehovah who wrought wonders by Moses and Elijah and who showed himself in Jesus of Nazareth was present with Williams and Geddie and Calvert and Paton.

One of the first and most successful of those prophet-missionaries through whom and for whom these wonders were wrought was John Williams. The child of a devotedly pious mother he was apprenticed in early youth to a "furnishing ironmonger," where he soon found the tools and processes of the workshop far more attractive than the finished articles which he was expected to sell. At every spare minute he was blowing at the forge or working at the bench and so he learned many a secret that helped greatly in later time of need. Converted in his eighteenth year, he began at once to teach in the Sunday school, to visit the sick and the poor in almshouses and to put his whole heart into Christian service. During the first year the fire of missionary zeal was kindled in his soul never to be extinguished.

He says: "My heart was frequently with the poor heathen and I asked God to banish the desire totally if not consistent with his holy mind and will. I examined my motives and found that a sense of the value of an immortal soul—the thousands that were passing from time to eternity with no knowledge of Christ and salvation,—and a conviction of the debt I owe to God for his goodness, were the considerations by which my desire was created." He was released from his indentures, was accepted by the London Missionary Society, and before he was twenty-one was married to a wisely chosen wife and on his way to the South Seas.

For twenty-two years he labored among the islanders, planting the gospel where no Christian had ever gone, filled with the joy of the Lord as he saw hundreds and thousands turning to the Jehovah who loved them, and then to him was given the martyr's crown. In the midst of all his strenuous and exciting life he took time to write the narrative of *Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands*, a fascinating volume, full of stories worthy to be companions of those in the Acts of the Apostles. He tells these stories so modestly and so vividly that, as the book is out of print and rare, we condense two or three.

Two natives teachers from Raiatea having been at work for some months on Aitutakj, Mr. Williams went to inspect and reinforce the laborers. As his ship approached the island the canoes of the natives surrounded it and the people cried out, "Good is the word of God: it is now well with Aitutaki! The good word has taken root at Aitutaki"; holding up their hats, the sign of Christians, and their spelling books to prove that they spoke the truth. The chief said that the placés for idol worship were all burned and not one single professed idolater remained; they had built and plastered a large chapel nearly two hundred feet long and wanted only the presence of the missionary to dedicate it; the Sabbath was kept sacred and all the men, women and children attended worship; and family prayer was

general. Instead of unsightly gestures and lewd song, as at his first visit only a few months before, some were now spelling long words, others repeating portions of the catechism or prayers; one asking a blessing on his food and others singing hymns. Was not this a second Pentecost?

In another island, the gods suffered the beloved daughter of the chief to die, though he had brought them many costly offerings. So he abandoned them and burned their houses and was all ready to hear the missionary tell of Jesus and his love. Again, one island refused to take the teachers and they sailed away. Soon after a fatal epidemic broke out, and the infant and the aged, the chieftain and the peasant, fell before it. The islanders ascribed this calamity to the "wrath of the God of the strangers," and when teachers came a second time they received them with every kindness.

When Mr. Williams went for the first time to the islands of Samoa, Fauea, a chief, accompanied him, and on the voyage he told the missionary that the people would be ready to hear and adopt the new doctrine. But one chief, Tamafainga, was fierce and cruel and would certainly oppose and greatly hinder; but when they reached the harbor and the canoes came out to greet them, and Fauea asked where is Tamafainga, the people shouted gladly: "Oh, he is dead; he is dead! He was killed a few days ago." No successor was yet appointed so the path was open for the Christian teachers. Truly, the life as well as the heart of the king was in the hand of Jehovah.

So great was the passion of Mr. Williams for souls, that he says, "I cannot content myself within the narrow limits of one little reef," and hearing of a beautiful island, Karotonga by name, he set out to find it. No one could tell him the way thither, and he traversed the ocean for several days with no success. Again he tried in vain. And on a third attempt their food and courage were almost gone before the joyful cry of land, land, told of success. The people were most degraded, but received the teachers, and in a few years the missionary could lay this island, too, as a jewel at the feet of his Lord.

Mr. Williams showed amazing versatility—teaching, preaching, building houses, churches, ships, working iron, planting the ground; and he displayed much tact and knowledge of human nature, always paying great respect to the chiefs, and never trying to check any innocent amusement or custom. He loved the natives as his Master loves us all, and says that his first address in every island was either from the text, "God so loved the world," or from "This is a faithful saying," etc.

The people of Erromanga had been enraged because repeatedly white men coming in ships had stolen their food and their women, and

John Williams fell a victim to their determination to allow no more white strangers to land. He gave his life day by day to the islanders, and that the end should come as it did was a worthy crown to years of service. His devoted wife, in all things a helpmeet, deserves to be enrolled with him in the list of those who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, of whom the world is not worthy. Their sacrifice puts to shame our luxurious, selfish lives. Shall we learn the lesson?

Missionary Letters

NORTH CHINA

In the annual report of woman's work in Kalgan, Mrs. Sprague tells us:—

THE time for which we have long prayed seems to be coming to Kalgan; that in which homes should be opened to us and in which the inmates should not only be willing to receive us, but should also be eager to hear the gospel. During the past half year the change has seemed quite remarkable. Friendly greetings and urgent invitations to enter homes are extended to the ladies as they pass along the streets in going to and from the few places where regular work has been attempted. Some Mohammedan families have been particularly cordial and urgent in their invitations to come to their homes to explain the gospel. One Mohammedan teacher, who has assisted Mr. Roberts in law-suit cases, helped the ladies to explain the doctrine to the people gathered in his room one day. Two wealthy families living in the upper city have invited Mrs. — and "The Sisters" to their homes, with the express understanding that they would come not for feasting but to preach the doctrine. In the home of an English speaking official and in those of two or three teachers the missionary ladies are welcomed cordially and listened to attentively.

Hungering for the gospel. We read in the Tientsin report:—

Through the kindness of Miss Payne, who took charge of the four little Ewings for a week in October, Mrs. Ewing was able to make a country trip with her husband, accompanied by Mrs. Chang. The region visited was to the north of Tientsin, a few miles from the railroad station of Laofa. Calls were made in seven villages, the nights being spent in three different centers. Those who have lived for months at a time amid such scenes can well imagine the great joy and inspiration that this week gave to the missionary, but they know even better what it meant to the little groups of Christian women who had received no such visits for more than two years. "We have wanted you to come for so long." "We want to study." Can't

Mrs. Chang stay and teach us?" "Do teach us to sing." "Don't go away, stay with us all the week." "We don't know how to pray." "When will you come again?" Such were the entreaties of the Christian women. How glad, too, the heathen women were to listen. It was very noticeable that few asked personal questions, but instead inquired about the gospel because, as one said, it made her heart "huo ling" (alive.) If a station class could have been held fifteen or more women would gladly have come, but we must leave with only an expression of sympathy, for even Mrs. Chang could not be spared from her home any longer at that time.

In the report of the work at Pang Chuang Mrs. Arthur H. Smith shows us some of their methods and the material on which they are working:—

The small people in Lin Ch'ing are very fascinating, sharp, alert, keen-eyed, quick-witted city children who sometimes make one feel "so young, sir." Sometimes they seem to be all wits. It is surprising how well they pray. They have a lofty patronizing air towards anyone too shy or untaught to venture. They pray to a definite subject, and stop when through. The little son of the keeper of the opium shop said, Oh, Lord Jesus pull my papa out of the devil's hole."

But the very best thing about this whole six months at Lin Ch'ing is the "Golden Prayer Girdle," with which the Holy Spirit bound the distant, ignorant, unthinking members into one blessed whole—his dear body. Tours had to be very rapid, the ground to be covered so very great. One got acquainted with the leaders who followed us about from center to center to get fresh blessing at each point. Secondly, one discovered strategic points for Bible women and station classes. But the great thing accomplished was neither of these. At each little center there was fastened upon the wall to stay there, a prayer list in big characters. It was carefully explained, often being gone over twice, if they seemed slow of apprehension. They were all examined on it to see if they understood, and pledged themselves to pray constantly for these things. In an inspired moment the old helper had asked that everybody "at the hour of noon," whether in hamlet or city, in the field or on the threshing floor, in the shop or school, in the busy fair or on the road, should pause a moment and call down God's revival blessing on the church, and it was joyfully acquiesced in by scores of villages.

STATION CLASSES. In the half year six classes have been held, seventy-eight women and children availed themselves of the opportunity to study. One was at Yu Fang where two viragos were brought by the Lord to a new gentleness and humility. One used to hold her pretty young daughter-in-law by the hair with one hand and beat her with her other until tired, and then change hands and go on, and finally go to get her

husband to come and beat the son for not beating his wife himself and saving her the trouble! We sent for this daughter-in-law, and her mother-in-law apologized to her!

Another in a rage followed her bad son to a gambling den with a club in her hand. She prayed as she went, "Oh, Heavenly Grandfather, strike him dead on the way home, and if I am ever foolish enough to weep and cry over him again, scoop out my eyes." She is clothed and in her right mind now, and sat down with us at the table of the Lord. Mornings, at home, when she wakens, she and her daughter follow what was learned in station class, and all have a season of silent prayer before rising.

Another class was at Lin Ch'ing. There characters of several men and women to be prominent workers were established and consecrated. A young mothers' class at Lin Ch'ing was held later. These young mothers—the church of the future—were beautifully helped an hour daily by Ting Wan Ch'eng. He was at his best, and none will ever forget his graphic, illustrated lessons. Not one woman was in the habit of beginning her day with prayer, but prayer lives were begun and were deepened there, and one little woman who had prayers for the family three times a week began to have them daily. After an afternoon's faithful work over them, thirteen promised a definite amount to God.

Mrs. Aiken of Pao-ting-fu gives glimpses of her busy days:—

Every Saturday afternoon at four o'clock I ring a bell, and there come running from every direction, dirty, ragged, little tots—my "class in ethics" as one of our mission calls them! But really these children are my Juniors; the only Juniors in Pao-ting-fu. Each week every child repeats a verse of Scripture, and sing hymns, and pray, and many times I talk to them a few minutes. But they will not sit still and listen very long; not entirely unlike other children on the other side of the earth. They like to sing, "Jesus Loves Me" and "Where, Oh Where, are the Hebrew Children?" But even when singing such familiar hymns, they are off the key all through it and never think of such a queer thing as singing together, to say nothing of keeping with the piano. They are not "born singers" by any means.

This year my work in the station has changed somewhat. Where, as last year two classes in English fell to me, this year I take but one, and am going out each afternoon to homes of those who are shut in and teaching them or talking with them and trying to get them out to church. I take a Bible woman with me. There are so many deformed children and older ones, and so little peace in their homes. They live from hand to mouth

and in such little rooms and with so little to do with, it really seems wonderful that they manage to live on. Much of the sickness of the Chinese is due to their lack of proper food and of ventilation in their rooms. An oil tin serves as a stove and in this they burn the cheapest coal they can get. There is no pipe to let out the gas, so it all comes into the room. On this account they are troubled all the time with headache, eye troubles, colds and so on.

If any who read this letter have old books that you have read and care to pass on, we should prize them, I assure you. We miss libraries out here. Our native church is still without an instrument. I hope someone in our rich land will see fit to give toward this. I know that if anyone who has the money to give could hear the singing in Sunday service, he would put his hand into his pocket and take out money enough for an organ. The Chinese can open their mouths and sing after a fashion, but as for keeping together or on the key (ways in which the organ helps) they know almost nothing.

We who are here as missionaries now are occupying a very wonderful position. It ought to appeal to us more than it does as a privilege. We not only preach the gospel as those before us have done, but we are seeing the results of their labors too. I do wish you all could come over and see for yourselves what our life is here in the East.

The Chinese sometimes wonder why it is that we, who preach the joy of death, can be so saddened when our loved ones pass on and we are separated for a time in the flesh. Can we not have more faith, a deeper faith, that the God who has brought us here, who gave his Son for us, can still rule aright? Can we not look upon his work with joy and believing? I feel that here I am very lacking. Will you at home pray for us missionaries that we may set forth the glory of death, not the terror of it; that we may have the strength to tell these more neglected ones of the great family that He is all we need for now and forever.

SOUTH CHINA

A word in season:—

On the first of February, 1906, a new church was dedicated at San Ning City in South China. At the dedicatory exercises Mr. Chue Cheung Tsing, for many years a preacher at San Ning, said: "This church owes its primary origin to Mrs. Nelson. Twelve years ago she came here to visit the women of our district. One day we invited her to address the men. She told us that we did wrong in not providing places where the women could hear the gospel. She said: 'You must erect a church large enough for both men and women; that is what we do in the United States. It is

of the greatest importance that your women believe the gospel.' Her words came home to my heart, and I could not forget them. I determined to work for this church; and now we have it, and there is as much room for women as for men."

When Mrs. Nelson made this short plea she had only been in China about two years. She could not then express herself well, but she made the preacher understand and go to work.

CENTRAL TURKEY

So many times word comes of delay and discouragement in erecting buildings that we rejoice doubly in the good story that comes of the rebuilding of the school at Aintab, burned last winter. Mrs. Merrill says:—

The new building has gone up wonderfully fast. The arches of the third story windows are being placed and we hope the roof will soon be on. It is a very fine, commodious building. Mr. Sanders is giving all his time to it and working very hard. He is at work from 4.30 in the morning until 7.30 at night, stopping only for meals and for rest when the workmen stop. It has been quite wonderful how stone and lumber have come in as needed and how we have been favored in every way. The local government has been remarkably friendly. The woodwork has been begun on the first floor, and soon the plasterers will be at work, so that unless something unforeseen happens we shall be ready for the opening in the fall.

Two services a week are held for the masons and carpenters, at their afternoon rest hour. The talks have sometimes been on subjects of general interest, but of late on purely religious topics. There are about one hundred and fifty workmen altogether, and forty or fifty usually attend the service. There are both Christians and Mohammedans among the workmen. Next week they are to have a picnic as is the custom here when any large piece of work has been done, and these men have worked under pressure.

Miss Welpton, of Marash, has been visiting our workers in Aintab, and a letter from her tells a little of what she saw there:—

To tell of the prayer meeting in the Second Church last evening on a missionary subject; of the earnest, animated talk by the pastor about Gardiner and his band; of a meeting of the church missionary committee, at which a paper on Dr. Grenfel and his work was enthusiastically read and heard with interest—these lie outside the limits of my privilege in this letter.

This spirit of the "far look" and active interest in other lands is spreading here. In the hospital Miss Trowbridge tells me the women workers

undertook a mite box to collect what they could for China's women. The plan has been to give only as there were special causes for thanksgiving. The women patients entered into the work, and all have interested others in the hospital to drop a mite into the "Blessings Box" when there was some good thing for which to be specially thankful. I copy from Miss Trowbridge's report the following items:—

"The Bible woman praised God that through loss of property at the time of the massacre, and through other trials, he had led her to know him, and had taught her while she was teaching others. Another—our faithful washerwoman—spoke with deep feeling as she told of God's goodness in



ON THE HOSPITAL DOORSTEP, AINTAB
Turk, Koord, Greek, Armenian, Arab

opening her heart to his love, especially since coming to the hospital to work. It has been the hardest and most unpleasant work, and yet she does it cheerfully and praises the Lord. Our bright-faced, young helper, Rahil, was rejoicing over the conversion of a wild brother, and that several poor neighbors had found a Saviour in answer to prayers offered at a little neighborhood meeting. A poor and rather ignorant patient, who has been coming for a long time for treatment, told of the help that had come to her to bear her painful trouble patiently and to overcome her quick temper at home through what she had heard at prayers while coming day after day."

Another woman for whom Miss Trowbridge feels particularly thankful she speaks of in the following words: "The Lord led her out of darkness, and now she is a different woman, praising him for his love to her, for the

help and teaching she gets from a Bible class for Gregorian women, for strength given to bear unkindness and opposition from a hard husband, that God is now softening his heart apparently, and that she has been permitted to help others to know something of Jesus' love. She said, with her face shining, "It's not from me; it's all from Christ. Now she is plodding along at the primer, that she may spell out for herself the precious words that she has heard."

The meeting at which the box was opened was the regular weekly prayer meeting for the women workers and patients. Miss Trowbridge spoke to them about the need in other places, especially speaking of China, as that is where they wish their gift sent. She asks that it be used in some special way for a Bible woman or a ward woman in a hospital, something about which the women may know later. Foochow is the place specially mentioned by the women themselves.

It interested me much to watch the faces of these simple women and see them light up with intelligent understanding of conditions among Chinese women and quick remembering of things Miss Trowbridge has told them through the year.

From report of Adana Girls' School:—

Some of our girls really suffer from spiritual hunger after leaving the school. In the Gregorian community of this city it is not the custom for young ladies to attend church. To a girl who has lived in our family for a number of years, a blessing at table, family prayers, prayer meetings and preaching service on Sunday comes to be a part of her very existence. But the graduation day comes, and she returns to her home to be cut off from all of these helps except as we are able to supply the need somewhat by means of books or by occasionally persuading the parents to allow her to accompany us to church service. Though this old custom is yielding and is bound to go, yet the difficulty is that where there is real life the forms of their church service no longer satisfy. There is much of heart hunger where the new life is shut up in such a prison.

A WOMAN missionary doctor says: "We have had many evidences in our work this year of how rapidly the anti-foot-binding sentiment is growing. Many have come to us voluntarily asking for medicine, as they wished to unbind their own or their daughter's feet. The majority have been among the better-class women. One Chinese lady, to whom when we first visited her, her tiny feet were a source of pride, lately unbound her feet and gave us her shoes and bandages. All our women helpers now have unbound feet.—*Selected.*

Our Kindergarten at Mardin

BY MISS JOHANNA L. GRAF



MISS JOHANNA L. GRAF

I wish you could step into our school some afternoon. It is not at all an ideal school or kindergarten room; the style of architecture here makes such a thing impossible; but it is the best we have been able to find. You will enter the street door and pass under a low archway which leads into the tiny courtyard, perhaps 15 x 10 feet; to the left lives the owner of the house, a Catholic, and in another room opening out upon this court a poor family whose pale, sickly complexions show the need of the sun, which never finds its way to the damp home. You will

climb up a short flight of stone steps and come to the paved roof of the store-rooms and kitchen of the homes just passed. This space is perhaps 18 x 14 feet, and is our sole playground during wet weather or when the children are out after their noon lunch. During fine weather we can use the large dirt roof beyond, and can have a splendid circle for games, but it is very muddy during the winter rainy season. We play indoors much during that time, and in the summer also must take refuge from the glaring hot sun for our games.

I am so thankful, so very thankful, for the help of your Board. For seven years I tried to keep up the kindergarten without appropriations from the Board, but I could employ only one teacher, and had to do without so many things and work so hard to prepare material which with money I could have bought, that I was entirely discouraged. Now your generous help enables me to keep two paid teachers, both high school graduates, and also graduates of the training class in the kindergarten, which but for your help would also have been impossible to maintain. They receive together 150 piastres salary a month, or about \$6.60. I am hoping to build a sort of shelter on the roof so that we need not spend so many hours in the room. This is of course only a common dwelling house built T shaped. The head faces south, and all the windows are in this side, and also the door, so that there is no way to air at all thoroughly. There is also no chimney so that we are obliged to put the stove by the door, over which there is a small aperture to let out the pipe. The back part of the room is below the road above and so is very damp, and the roof, so low and near the street on the north, is a constant temptation to the street boys who think it great fun to fill our stovepipe with sand and pebbles, and to sit on the roof and watch us at our circle games, or even to throw stones at the little ones running

about below. But for all that it is a very happy company you may look upon, sitting in a circle of pretty little chairs, and singing their little songs with as much cheer and pleasure as the more fortunate little people across the seas. You will see signs of great poverty in their dress, and in the pinched little faces at times, and yet it is not always the poorest who are most ragged. One careful little mother who is as poor as can be, does Bible woman's work half the day and housework for the missionaries half a day, earning the greater part of the support for her little family of four children, all of whom she keeps in school looking so neat and clean. But the one good little garment is kept for school and the tattered clothing donned at home, and the few raisins and parched peas are carefully hoarded to be taken to school so that the children may not be obliged to lunch on bread and water. "At home bread is sufficient, but at school I do not want them to be different from the rest," she says. The youngest is a demure little maid of five with beautiful black eyes and a little cherub face. The eldest sister, a girl of nine or ten, does most of the work before and after school, and is quite a little mother to the rest; she sits knitting while other little girls play.

As the children rise at the signal to go to the four tables you will note that they are most of them smiling and happy, some have even learned to skip about as Americans do, but as a rule there is a settled expression of care on even the baby faces that you meet with elsewhere. The three oldest classes deposit their tiny chairs at their respective tables, and then march about the room to take part in either a ring or dumb bell exercise for ten minutes. The babies march out to the playground to go through some simple motions, for they do not want to be left out of the "calisthenics," and yet they make havoc in the room with the rest. Then they all come in for a period with the gifts; then after half an hour we go to our games, which they much enjoy, and back again to the tables for the beloved "work." The sand is such a lasting source of pleasure. It had to be brought on the back of a mule two days' journey away, but it pays many times over what it cost. We put the sand out of doors on some oil cloth, and great is the joy when "sand time" arrives. What gardens, what mountains are planned in the bright sunshine, which, alas, will only too soon grow too hot for us to remain in it. It is especially for the sand play and for the afternoon nap of the babies that I am planning the shelter spoken of above. It is made of poles covered with bundles of tree branches, and is very cool and pleasant. Then the triangle sounds, and the fascinating sewing or weaving or folding must be put away. The circle is formed and we sing in English, "Now our evening work is ended." Then a Psalm is often repeated in English or Arabic, and "Our Father," or "A little tired child am I," sung as our evening prayer. In this we ask for the angels to guard us. A few

days ago one of the third class boys was playing with his ball, which went into the courtyard below, and he in stooping to look after it fell overboard, too, on the paved rocks below. Our kind landlady brought him up, and on examination it was found that little Philip had not even a scratch, though he as well as everyone in the kindergarten had a terrible fright. The children were not slow in saying that the "angels had kept Philip," for it seemed verily a miracle that he should not be badly hurt.

To-day a man who had been instrumental in sending a neighbor's little son to kindergarten said: "They want to send a cousin now, because Murad already shows the effect of the kindergarten. He had been sent to the Catholic school for two years, and knew nothing and behaved worse." He has been with us but two weeks. So we do see improvement if we are but patient.

The two teachers and the two girls from the high school who are in training enjoy their work, and have been much helped by the study, as everyone is. It is new work, this training class, and takes much time and study. Everything must be adapted, for nothing here is as it was in Germany nor as in America, and every word must be translated to those eager girls. The half day is spent in the kindergarten, and half the day with the class and in preparation of work for the kindergarten. In the forenoon the older ones have lessons and the babies are "amused," for we cannot yet persuade mothers to send only half a day, so the poor little tots are there from eight to four P. M., bringing their luncheons. They all send you loving salaams.

OUR WORK AT HOME

Our Daily Prayer in October

THE field of the Western Turkey Mission, excepting that in Constantinople and immediate vicinity, lies in Asia Minor. It is grouped about six stations with 103 out-stations, and is carried on by 85 American missionaries, 59 of whom are women, with 404 native preachers, teachers and helpers. The 43 churches, ten of them entirely self-supporting, enroll 4,612 members. The 153 schools are graded from the kindergarten to the theological seminary, and more than 8,000 pupils gather in them. We have two hospitals and three dispensaries, where more than 7,000 patients were treated last year.

Miss Patrick is president of the American College for Girls at Constantinople, and Miss Dodd, Miss Prime and Miss Griffiths are missionary teachers in this important institution. Miss Jenkins and Miss Paton are also members of the faculty, the latter being now in this country. During the forty-five years of her missionary life delicate health has kept Mrs.

Herrick from many active labors. But in all this time she has shown to native women, neighbors and acquaintances, by many friendly ministries and by a shining example the power of a Christian wife and mother. Mrs. Barnum's service of thirty-seven years has been spent in Harpoot, Van and Constantinople. Here, in the quarter called Gedik Pasha, in the heart of old Stamboul, the Turkish city, her home is a real saints' rest for many a weary missionary traveler. She visits the homes of the Protestants, aids in the weekly prayer meeting of the native women, and renders many ministries of charity. Mrs. Peet, wife of the treasurer of the mission, adds to home cares much work in day and Sunday schools. Mrs. Greene, who was for six years before coming to Turkey a missionary in Japan, makes a home school for about twelve children in connection with her own invalid son. These children come from English, Armenian, Catholic and Mohammedan homes; and beside ordinary school work they have been carefully trained in the Bible with hymns and prayers. They carry the good of their lessons to their homes, and the parents often testify their warm appreciation of the training they receive. Mrs. Greene also guides the Sunday school for those speaking English, which meets in her own home, and she directs the Dorcas Society and kindred benevolences.

Mrs. Marden, Miss Jones and Miss Barker carry on the growing and important work at Gedik Pasha, Mrs. Marden giving most of her strength to evangelistic work while the others work in the school. Many kinds of city missionary work, such as are carried on among the poor of our own cities, are under the care of these valiant workers; and while they see many blessed results, yet great opportunities must go unimproved for lack of helpers. The frontispiece of *LIFE AND LIGHT* for August, 1905, shows Miss Jones and Miss Barker with some of their pupils. The paragraph at the foot of page 290 in our July, 1906, number shows the need of Mohammedans for the gospel.

The girls' boarding school in Smyrna numbered last year about 235 girls, and the Christian growth of many cheers the hearts of their teachers. Miss McCallum, Miss Pohl and Miss Jillson are teachers, and beside the routine of school work they aid the girls, the King's Daughter and Christian Endeavor Societies and the Sunday school. The kindergarten numbers nearly 150, and the little ones carry home many a lesson of Christian love and example. Miss Halsey is training kindergartners, who are greatly needed in many a village of the empire. An illustrated article in our magazine for October, 1905, tells something of her work. Mrs. McNaughton adds to home cares work for women and girls. Mrs. MacLachlan has been seriously ill, but the most recent word is of returning strength. Mrs. Caldwell assists in many emergencies. Miss Cushman, a nurse in the hospital, finds many openings to help the souls as well as the bodies of her patients. In November, 1905, we printed a sketch of one of her tours to outside villages. Mrs. Irwin, in addition to the home cares, is giving much time to language study. Miss Dwight, a teacher in the girls' boarding school, is now in this country. Miss Loughridge, the principal of the girls' boarding school, adds to her cares much directly personal Christian work with the girls and the oversight of a large Sunday school. Mrs. Wingate's time is mostly given

to her little children. Mrs. Dodd prepares tracts and books for publication, looks out for distribution of tracts and for circulating libraries, sends out a monthly letter full of helpful hints and cheer to mothers, and has a largely attended monthly prayer meeting for mothers, of which she tells us in the October, 1904, number. The school at Talas enrolls nearly one hundred pupils, and has really outgrown its accommodations, so that the teachers are cramped for room. Miss Orvis is one of the three American teachers.

JUNIOR WORK

EVANGELISTIC MEDICAL EDUCATIONAL

The Wonderland of the East

(Suggestions for Seven Programs on India, by H. B. C.)

References and further suggestions on these topics can be obtained by writing to the Secretary for Young People's Work, 704 Congregational House, Boston.

I. A Land of Wonders.

The Celestial Wonderland; readings from Rev. xxi and xxii.

1. Wonderland Viewed from a Balloon. (A map talk.)
2. Rain and Shine in Wonderland.
3. Seasons of Starvation. (Causes, character, and effects of famines.)
4. Overland in Wonderland. (Oddities of travel.)

II. Wonderland Won and Lost. (History of India.)

Changing Kingdoms: Dan. ii. 36-45.

1. Myths of Wonderland.
2. Princes and Palaces. (Mohammedan rule.)
3. Sepoy Mutiny.
4. The British in India.

III. Brownies of Wonderland.

Christ and the Multitudes: Matt. xiv. 13-21.

1. Panorama of the People. (Population, races, characteristics, etc.)
2. The Classes and the Masses. (Caste and other social distinctions.)
3. Brothers of the Brownies. (Europeans and Americans in India.)

IV. Womanhood in Wonderland.

Christ and Woman: John iv. 1-42.

1. Behind the Purdah. (Girl, wife, and mother.)
2. Widowhood.
3. Emancipation.

V. Worship in Wonderland.

Heathen Idols and Jehovah: Ps. cxv.

1. Worship of Gautama and Mohammed. (Study of Buddhism and Islam.)
2. The Worship of Thirty Million Gods. (Study of Hinduism.)
3. Fakirs and Festivals.

VI. The Gospel River in India.

The Missionary's Charge: Matt. x.

1. Pioneer Preachers.
2. A Shoemaker Missionary and the Serampore Triad. (Carey, Marshman and Ward.)
3. Influences of a Haystack Meeting.
4. The Mother of a Thousand Daughters. (Eliza Agnew of Ceylon.)

VII. W. B. M. in Wonderland.

The Call to Service: Isa. vi.

1. Our Three Missions. (Marathi, Madura, and Ceylon.)
2. Daily Life of a Missionary.
3. The Home Guard. (Need of offerings of prayer, money and life.)
4. The Call of Wonderland to Our Circle. (Personal responsibility.)

Book Notices

John Williams, The Martyr Missionary of Polynesia. By Rev. James J. Ellis. Published by L. W. Partridge & Co., London.

The frontispiece illustration of this little volume represents the closing tragedy of this devoted missionary's life. He is in the water, and two savage natives stand over him with uplifted murderous clubs. In the background, in wild frenzy, other natives rush in. Here is the widest possible contrast of our humanity. The solitary white man, who has come with a message of love and salvation, falling under the cruel hatred of those he has come to save. John Williams was born towards the close of the 18th century, and was martyred in the 44th year of his age. Like many another missionary he had remarkable mechanical genius, as well as the intellectual equipment of a scholar and the consecration of a saint. As his biographer says, "One is at a loss whether to admire more the greatness or the persistent goodness of the Apostle of Polynesia."

The somewhat unique titles of the eight chapters give a hint of the contents: 1. "A word with many echoes"; 2. "A stranger with many friends"; 3. "A voyage with many discoveries"; 4. "A trouble with many blessings"; 5. "A sowing with many harvests"; 6. "A wanderer with many homes"; 7. "A champion with many trophies"; 8. "A Stephen with many a Paul."

In our United Study of the Islands, in 1907, this book is most timely.

The Story of the L. M. S. By C. Silvester Horne, M.A. Published by London Missionary Society, London.

This new edition of a book published in 1894 completes the twentieth thousand of the history of the famous Society which began the work of foreign missions towards the close of the 18th century. Chapters are given to their work all around the world, and the book is copiously illustrated and indexed.

Contrasts in the Campaign. Published by Church Missionary Society, London.

Various writers give the "Contrasts," the old life of pagan people and the change that comes through the gospel. It is an answer to the objections made to foreign missions on the ground that the religions of the heathen are good enough for them and that missionary work is both unnecessary and a failure. The writers are all Church of England clergymen.

Raising the Average. By Don O. Shelton. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 76.

This brochure is dedicated to "Francis E. Clark, who twenty-five years ago founded the United Society of Christian Endeavor, thereby leading multitudes of young people to raise the average of their life." One or two of these chapters appeared in the *Christian Endeavor World*. It is a book of inspiring uplift.

G. H. C.

In Memoriam

A HEAVY blow has fallen on the Essex South Branch of the Woman's Board in the sudden death of Miss Nannie Lovett Odell, who had been their treasurer since 1899. The home secretary of the Branch, Miss Emma H. Short, writes of her:—

"Trained from childhood by a mother of broad outlook over the world's missionary field to love our Branch and to work for its interests, she had shown grandly what vigorous young womanhood can accomplish for the kingdom of Christ. She had broken her alabaster box at the feet of her Saviour, and she knew no interest apart from him. When any department of her church or Sunday school sought her leadership, she responded promptly, as a servant of the Master. More than any other woman that he had ever known, said her pastor, Rev. E. H. Byington, did she possess the gift of universal Christian comradeship. 'Amid summer blossoms telling their frail story of earth,' but with the strains of our Branch song, 'It is the Lord's appointment,' and with the triumph of the Shepherd Psalm, 'I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever,' both lifting us to the comforting of the eternal love, we laid her to rest, to await the day of the resurrection."

Woman's Board of Missions

Receipts from July 18 to August 18, 1906.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.

Eastern Maine Branch.—Mrs. J. S. Wheelwright, Treas., Bangor House, Bangor Union, Aux.,

4 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 No. Spring St.,

Concord. A Friend, "In memory of her mother, I. H. N.," 48; Candia, Aux., 12.50; Farmington, Aux., 10.34; Greenland, Aux., 33.50, Mission Study Class, 15.50, Daisy Club, 1.50; Manchester, So. Main St. Ch., Aux., 50.52; Milford, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Jennie Lovejoy), 32.76; Mont Vernon, Aux., 20.50; Orford, Aux., 18; Northampton,

Aux., 58, A member, 16; Portsmouth, Rogers Mission Cir., 40; Saluon Falls, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Elizzie F. Pugsley), 28, C. E. Soc., 2; Tilton, Aux., 40; Wilton, C. E. Soc., 10, 437 12

VERMONT.

Wilmington.—Miss Matilda P. Goulding 15 00
Vermont Branch.—Mrs. C. H. Stevens, Treas., St. Johnsbury. Cabot, Aux., 12; Manchester, Nimble Finger Cir., 5; Richmond, Aux., 20; St. Johnsbury, South Ch., Aux., 23, 60 00

Total, 75 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

A Friend, 2 00
Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. Margaret E. Richardson, Treas., Reading, Billerica, Aux., 26; Medford, Mystic Ch., Aux., Mrs. M. C. Hildreth, 10, C. R., add'l 30 cts.; Melrose Highlands, Cong. S. S., 10,78; North Reading, Mrs. J. H. Hoffman, 2, 49 08

Barnstable Co. Branch.—Miss Amelia Snow, Treas., East Orleans. Orleans, S. S., 10 00

Berkshire Branch.—Mrs. Charles E. West, Treas., 123 South St., Pittsfield. Housatonic, Aux., 9, C. R., 2; Richmond, Aux., 12,05; Stockbridge, Aux., 29. Less expenses, 2,60, 49 45

Boston.—A Friend, 10, Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, 5, 15 00

Cambridge.—Friends, through Mrs. E. C. Moore, 151, Miss Laura B. Chamberlain, 20, 171 00

Franklin Co. Branch.—Miss Lucy A. Sparhawk, Treas., 18 Congress St., Greenfield. Orange, Aux., 4,50, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Shelburne, Jr. C. E. Soc., 4,25, 13 75

Hampshire Co. Branch.—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Greenwich, Aux., 10,05; Haydenville (prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. Emeline Hills); Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 25; Westhampton, Aux., 80, 115 05

Middlesex Branch.—Miss Mary E. Goodnow, Treas., South Sudbury. South Framingham, Grace Ch., C. R. Mite Boxes, 5,10; Wellesley, Aux., 6, Mrs. Durant, 100, 111 10

Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.—Miss Abbie L. Loud, Treas., Lock Box 53, Weymouth. Braintree, First Ch., A member, 5; Brockton, Porter Ch., Aux., 15; Hanson, C. E. Soc., 2; Plympton, Aux., 7,25; Wollaston, Mission Study Club, 30, 59 25

Suffolk Branch.—Miss Lucy K. Hawes, Treas., 27 River St., Cambridge. Friends, 100; Auburndale, Aux., 4,40; Boston, Central Ch., C. R., 25,74; Shawmut Ch., Aux., 300; Cambridge, Hope Ch., C. E. Soc., 12,25; Chelsea, Central Ch., C. R., 18; Dorchester, Second Ch., Aux. 52,03; Jamaica Plain, Central Ch., Aux., 10; Newton, Eliot Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miss Marian Holbrook), 237; Newton Centre, Member Maria B. Furber Miss'y Soc., 2; Newton Highlands, Aux., 19,21; Norwood, First Cong. Ch., Aux., 30; Roxbury, Immanuel Ch., Aux., 35; Somerville, Highland Ch., Aux. (of wh. Lenten Off., 6,50, C. R., 4), 20,50; Waverley, Aux., 10, 876 13

Worcester Co. Branch.—Mrs. Theodore H. Nye, Treas., 15 Berkshire St., Worcester. Grafton, Worthley M. B., 20, Y. L. Mission Class, 25; Petersham, A. D. M., 100; Southbridge, Aux. (of wh. Len. Off., 9,20), 30,62; Whitinsville, Extra-Cent-a-Day Band, 14,64, 190 26

Total, 1,662 07

LEGACY.

Worcester.—Mrs. Harriet Wheeler Damon, by Frank H. Wiggin, Trustee, 16 67

RHODE ISLAND.

Rhode Island Branch.—Mrs. Clara J. Barnefield, Treas., 99 Summit St., Pawtucket. Pawtucket, Park Pl. Ch., M.B., 5 00

CONNECTICUT.

Eastern Conn. Branch.—Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Norwich, Miss Edna Wibberly, 38; Stonington, Second Ch., Aux., A Friend, 10; West Woodstock, Aux., 10, 58 00

Hartford Branch.—Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas., 21 Arnoldale Rd., Hartford. Berlin, C. R., 9,27; Buckingham, Aux., 13,50; Ellington, Aux., 16; Farmington, Aux., 26,22; Glastonbury, Aux., 24,40, A Friend, 25; Hartford, First Ch., C. R., 15,05; West Hartford, Aux., 42,50, 391 94

Total, 449 94

NEW YORK.

New York.—American Christian Hospital in Cesarea, 272 66

New York State Branch.—Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn. Lockport, Mrs. A. J. Hough, 25; New York, A Friend, 163, 188 00

Total, 460 66

FLORIDA.

Avon Park.—S. Florida Ass'n of Miss'y Workers, 4; Tampa, Miss'y Soc., 8,75, 12 75

MICHIGAN.

Boyne.—E. A. R., 25 00

TURKEY.

Aintab.—Hospital Thanksgiving Mite Box, 14,30; Harpoot, Euphrates College, Girls' Dept. C. E. Soc., 22, 36 30

Donations, 3,106 14
 Specials, 61 70
 Legacies, 16 67

Total, 3,184 51

TOTAL FROM OCT. 18, 1905 TO AUG. 18, 1906.

Donations, 83,610 83
 Specials, 3,019 26
 Legacies, 26,452 97

Total, \$113,083 06

BOARD OF THE PACIFIC

President,

Miss LAURA M. RICHARDS,
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Treasurer.

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Letters from Orphan Girls

(Students in Euphrates College, Harpoot)

HARPOOT, May 9, 1906.

DEAR SOCIETY: This is the last opportunity in which I can write you a letter. I cannot express my grateful love to such good friends, who without knowing me by face have kept me in school.

Now I will tell you the story of my life very briefly. Before the massacre I had very Christian parents who were rich at the same time. But my father was killed with my big brother. We were robbed of all, and my mother was left a widow with her four children. Nothing could comfort my mother but the Bible.

After two years in which we were like the body of a hen whose head being cut away is left to wander without knowing where, some thought struck my mother's mind. She thought it will be better to educate us in some school. So we came to Harpoot from Diarbekir. At that time we had no money to live or to study. But Dr. and Mrs. Barnum helped my mother like angels of heaven. They gave the money for our tuition, my brother's, my sister's and mine. Under hand they sent or gave money to my mother to use for other needs.

One year passed so. Then my mother found that our circumstances were very hard so she went to the German orphanage with my two brothers and one sister. At that time I was boarding by the help of Mrs. Barnum and Miss Daniels, who is a tender mother to all the girls.

Now my mother is no more in the orphanage by some causes. She has now the work of sewing machine in Malatia. I will graduate from my course after two months, and I will go wherever God sends me to work for his name.

I am going to ask God that he may keep thee and bless thee as you kept me and others. I have a heart full of gratitude. God taught us many things by making us sorry. There were people who looked on our sorrows very bitterly, some of them had pity on us. I blossomed in sorrows, but my prayer is that I may be fragrant in the grace of God.

Perhaps you would not like to read such a sad story, though I have tried to tell it very lightly. So I ask your pardon. Receive my thanks and my love.

Sincerely yours,

HERANOOSH SHUKLAYAN.

EUPHRATES COLLEGE, HARPOOT, May 3, 1906.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Though we are unknown to each other, but my heart is always near to you, so when my dear mother, Miss Daniels, said to me to write to you a thankful letter, I did not linger never, but I began to write a short letter and to show my love. My birthplace is in Arabkir. In Arabkir I have a mother, two little brothers and one little sister. I am 16 years old. I came to Harpoot five years ago. My father was killed. All these years I stay in the school far away from my mother except two and a half months in the summer I am going home and again I am coming back, but in the school I have also a mother, Miss Daniels, I love her as much as I love my mother. She cares for us in everything, and she wants to do what is best. She is going nearly every week to villages to teach them the love of Jesus Christ, about whom they had known nothing. She is very unselfish for us. Before this I was not a Christian girl; but in this winter I found my Saviour, and now I am very glad. Also in the city there had been a revival by the care of Mr. Franson. Now I believe that all men and women are ready to give their light to them who have not. In our school there are five American teachers whose names are: Miss Daniels, Miss Barnum, Miss Riggs, Miss Wilson and Miss Platt, also sixteen Armenian teachers which also work for us.

Let me remain your loving friend,

NUVART SARKISIAN.

HARPOOT, May 4, 1906.

MY DEAR BENEFACTOR: It is very difficult for me to find such words which can actually explain the deep feelings of my thankfulness. My heart is filled with gratitude and thanks, but they diminish on my tongue, because there are no words to explain them. Your pecuniary helps have been so abundant that often I think how I can reward such kindness as yours. I confess that I have nothing but my heart and life.

That money which you are sending for me and for other girls, be sure that it will change into the flame of the Holy Spirit, and will fall on the hearts of many people and will light immortal spirits with Christ's love. I am sure in God's strength that the money which is spent for me will produce the same fruit.

Dear benefactor, my purpose is not to become only a learned person and get honor from people, but my desire is to be filled with God's knowledge, by which I will be able to work in the Lord's vineyard.

This is the second time that I have come to school. At first when I came to school, I began in the Gurtaran (grammar school) and I continued until the highest Varjaran class (high school). When my father died I was obliged to teach so that I could help my mother, sisters and brother. When one of my sisters married and my mother, brother and sister went to the orphanage then I came again to school. Now I am in the Junior class. Next year I will graduate if God wishes. Please pray for me that I may be useful in the world and lead many sinners to Jesus.

Often we had heard from other places that there has been a great spiritual awakening come, but some of us did not believe it and they said, "It is false." But ere long God's spirit visited Harpoot and our school through Mr. Franson. This new year gave us many blessings, such things as had seemed impossible for us. Now we have seen everything and we are living under their effect. Many sinners' hard hearts softened and they fell into Jesus' arms, where they found perfect freedom from their sins. In our college many girls gave their lives to Jesus Christ and promised to live a new life for Jesus. Mr. Franson's sermons were very efficacious so that many men were awakened and felt that they were sinners and they needed the Lord's help. Though many events had happened before that in this place, they could not influence these people like Mr. Franson's visit. Now in our schools and among the people there are many girls, boys, women and men whose lives are preaching Jesus' love. This spiritual movement extended to almost all the villages and yet it is continuing.

I gave myself to Jesus in 1900, but yet there were many things which I did not understand, but "thank God" this year I understood them very well. Our school year by year progresses in every way. Our lady principal, Miss Daniels, works very hard to do everything in the right way. Her desire is to prepare spiritual girls, and to send them to those places where immortal spirits need God's words. She works and prays that God may make our school a real light by which many girls may light all the dark places. This year she often goes to the villages to tell Christ's love, which

she has in her heart. My desire in studying too is to be a true and spiritual cultivator in the Lord's vineyard.

This year we have a dear and hearty worker missionary, Miss Riggs. She works in our school very hard and faithfully. Miss Barnum works in our school and in the girls' orphanage very hard and faithfully. Those three dear lives have a strong, good effect on the girls' heart and life. Thank God for such consecrated Christian lives.

I will be very glad if you please sometimes to speak with me by your letters.

Your sincere daughter,

MARIAM ASADOORIAN.

The Wide Diffusion of Islam

OF the estimated 200 millions of Mohammedans, 5 are in Europe, 60 in Africa, and 135 in Asia; 18 millions are under Turkish rule, 26 under other Moslem rulers, 32 under heathen rulers, and 124 under Christian rule or protection. Over 60 millions speak Indian languages—Urdu, Bengali, Pushtu, Gujerati, etc.; 45 Arabic, 28 Hausa and African languages, 20 Chinese, 15 Malayan, 13 Slavonic, 9 Persian, and 8 Turkish. Nearly every important city in the Moslem world of over 100,000 population is a center of missionary effort by printing press, hospital, school, or college.—*Missionary Review*.

Do Hindu Christians Honor Their Calling?

THE Ceylonese converts compare favorably with Christians at home in many ways. A year ago the Tamil Christians in the north of Ceylon sent a birthday gift of 250 pounds to the British and Foreign Bible Society. Six years ago some of the Christian coolies on the Kandyan estates sent as a centenary offering to the Church Missionary Society 125 guineas. The boys of Kandy College maintain their own college mission, and send workers to outlying villages. The girls of a boarding school recently gave up meat and fish and lived on rice for a fortnight, in order to send £5 to the bishop of Calcutta toward the Indian Famine Fund. How did the blessing come to Uganda? Through George Pilkington reading a tract written by a Ceylon convert.—*Rev. J. W. Balding in the "Missionary Review."*

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New Educational Movements

BY MRS. MOSES SMITH

AMONG the many interesting experiences in our short visit to China none were more significant than the number of times we came into touch with the new educational movements.

In Shanghai, as we were threading the narrow streets in search of a distinguished Confucian temple, we heard boys' voices rising above the din of the street and immediately divined that we were near a school.

At our request our guide, Mr. Doong, a Christian Chinese gentleman, led us into an inner court to the door of the schoolroom. Instantly every voice was hushed and every eye was fixed on the queer foreign ladies who had invaded their domain. Our guide, taking a book in his hand, exclaimed: "See! they have the new books and will be taught Western learning."

From time immemorial Chinese boys have studied only the classics, committing to memory long passages from the sages. One felt a little shock of exultation over the fact that this generation of boys were to study geography and struggle with long division and fractions. We looked with new interest on the black heads with their smoothly braided queues.

By invitation of Dr. Sites, the acting president, we drove out to Nan Yang College. Our way was by the Bubbling Spring route, across a plain dotted with tumuli, the graves of generations. Here and there was a coffin yet uncovered waiting for a Taoist priest to decide on a lucky day. At Tiffin we were told much of the college and the eagerness of Chinese young men to secure a modern education. At the opening in 1897, 700 applied,

only 140 could be received. The grounds were ample and the building the best for that purpose in China.

A large tablet to Confucius on the platform of the Assembly Hall made one wonder what the honored sage, who by his life had for twenty-five centuries moulded and controlled one fourth of the human race, thinks to-day of the new educational departure of his people. The Chinese have an axiom which runs in this way: "What Confucius teaches is true; what is contrary to his teaching is false. What he does not teach is unnecessary."

The most remarkable evidence of China's awakening which we saw in Shanghai was a girls' school, promoted by Chinese enterprise.

Chinese history dates from the 22d century B. C., but not until the dawn of the 20th century A. D. was a school for girls thought desirable. "Your daughter must marry; when she goes to live with her mother-in-law what possible benefit can you derive from the money spent on her education?" has been through all these centuries the all-sufficient reason for the ignorance and degradation of womanhood.

It was in Foochow, beautiful for situation on the rapid rolling Min, with the mountains round about, that we came into touch with the most revolutionary educational movement in the empire. From the 7th century B. C. to the present China has had a system of examinations for degrees which made the recipient eligible to government offices. Large halls were built for these examinations in important centers of the empire. The highest ambition of any Chinese man was to secure a degree. Now, the Emperor's edict had gone forth abolishing these time-honored tests.

Within an hour after we had been literally "set down" in our sedan chairs in the mission compound in Foochow, our hostess was taking us to see the old examination halls, remarking as we entered our chairs: "China is moving—we must hasten or the halls may be demolished before we see them." Her words proved to be truer than she knew, for when we reached the first degree halls they were already largely destroyed and the ground was being cleared for the erection of a primary and middle school. Disappointed that we had not come soon enough, we hastened to the halls of the second or higher degree. Here everything was still intact. A series of stalls from seven to eight feet high and four wide, with tiled roofs, enough to accommodate 10,000 candidates, stretched out over acres of land. We listened with eager interest to all that was told us of the history and methods of this hoary institution. The examinations were biennial and simply in the Chinese classics. The opening was picturesque if not dramatic. The great door was swung open at midnight. The procession of candidates, all in the blue coats of the scholars, entered by the light of gay lanterns. Seated in their stalls

with a writing board before them, amid a solemn silence the examiner proclaimed a text from one of the sacred books, and each one fell to writing a thesis on the given text. They had previously committed volumes to memory. They must now quote largely and correctly passages adapted to the text given. Any error in quotation or penmanship and all is lost. After eighteen hours they were dismissed by the great drum for six hours of rest. Three times at midnight with a feverish ambition and fear they entered the open gate to strive for the prize.

We passed from stall to stall, bare, brown, dismal, damp—and then from a vantage point looked down on the low roofs, recalling the pathos and tragedy in the history of men who literally spent all their substance and all their lives in a vain effort to secure the coveted honor.

The abolition of these hoary and senseless examinations will mark an era in Chinese history which historians will be glad to record.

It was a sturdy type of courage in Emperor Kuang Hsu that emboldened him by a stroke of the pen to strike out of the nation's life the venerable and honored institution which had so long been a ruling force in the affairs of the nation. Very soon this historic ground will be occupied by new buildings for the university already established.

Without doubt the present breaking up of fallow ground in China is largely the fruitage of Christian missions and brings to the Christian church a new and imperative responsibility. Foreign teachers are welcomed and now Christian men are seeking positions. Having prepared the ground, *now, now* is the time to cast in the seeds of truth.

Home Missionary Work of the Churches of Peking, China

BY MISS PAYNE

IN Peking this week has been held the annual church meeting of the Peking district and the pastors, helpers and representatives of our sixteen churches have been having some helpful, inspiring meetings. It was in this the home missionary society was organized a year ago and sent out its first home missionary with fear and trembling. The end of the year found all expenses paid and quite a sum to begin with next year.

Did you ever hear of another home missionary society like that? Their home missionary has given a year of faithful, fruitful service, endearing himself to the hearts of all. So encouraged were they, they are attempting larger things the coming year, inviting Mrs. Wang, their missionary's wife,

to organize a girls' school and send out a helper under Pastor Wang to open a church in a new place some fifteen miles away.

The work opened up in this place in a very interesting way. A fruit seller, in a village near Nan Meng, heard the gospel and believed. Six months of the year he spends peddling fruit in this village and six months at his home village, over twenty miles away, caring for his crops. When he returned home what was more natural than that he should tell his family and neighbors of the new light that had come into his life. They listened eagerly to all he could tell them of the ruth and longed to know more. Hearing that Dr. Ament was in the district, fifteen or twenty miles away, they sent and begged him to come and preach to them. He could not go at that time, but a colporteur was sent, who came back reporting a wonderful interest in and hungering for the Truth. On Dr. Ament's next visit to that part of the country he, with Pastor Wang, went to see them. The way was a rough, disagreeable road. He found them most eager for his message and they offered to provide a preaching place and schoolroom, if he would send someone to preach and to teach them. It is to this place the Home Missionary Society sends its second man. It will mean they must raise four hundred and fifty or five hundred dollars (silver). No small amount is it for our little churches, struggling in the midst of heathenism. Not only have they given thus liberally to their home missionary society, but the reports show an increase in the amount raised for home expenses and the usual church contributions. Several of the little churches are working rapidly toward self-support.

A Missionary Tour

BY MISS CHARLOTTE WILLARD, MARSOVAN, TURKEY

EARLY in November, after we had gotten everything in the school in good working order, I left home for a tour to the east of us. I had seventeen delightful, busy days among Circassians, Turks, Greeks and Armenians. During the first five days Mr. White was with me, but from Haek our ways parted and I did not see an American again until I reached home. In all journeying I was accompanied by a Circassian guard whom we thoroughly trust. Wherever I went I felt at home because I was with former pupils of the school, or if not with them with people who were cordial and friendly. It happened that on this trip my experiences were very varied.

One Sunday I was in a town where we have no work and no friends and since there was no Protestant service there I attended the Gregorian church,

and after the service sat on the floor with the robed priest and his wife while he smoked and she cooked coffee as we talked of the need of a school for the children of the place. I had planned for a Sunday in that place in the hope that I could open a school there, which should be under our control and in which the pupils would pay a moderate tuition. The priest and others were much pleased with the idea, and entered into the plan with grateful enthusiasm. One man, who has three girls who are growing up without any school privileges, said, "It will be written in the book of heaven that you saved these children." I found good rooms for the school and the teacher, and everything looked promising. They said there was one more man who should be consulted before the matter was settled. That one man set himself against the plan, and the others apparently under his influence, dropped into silence. So I came away disappointed, but hope to yet some day be able to do something for those children.

One night on the road was spent in a little village—too small to have a khan, but as is true in all such villages having a "guest room" in the house of the chief man. This was a Turkish village, and I had an interesting time lodging in a room of the haremlik with its latticed windows. The visit which we had around the big open fire in the kitchen that night is one that I shall not soon forget. The mother of the house sat on the floor, turning the crank of a crude contrivance by which she was winding big bobbins of woolen thread for her daughter-in-law's use in weaving carpets. The daughter-in-law sat near her with very becoming yellow yazma loosely hanging over her head, and perhaps absorbed with thoughts of her own beauty. The servant who was washing the copper dishes afterwards told us that her husband had married a second wife and had sent her from the house—an entirely lawful act according to their code. I proposed that the small son of the house, who was behind his mother on the sedir, should try reading in my book—a copy of the New Testament. His mother said, "He is only beginning to learn; you read." I had with me one of our graduates and she did the reading, and the women listened with a measure of interest which was more than I had expected, and which was proved by the old woman's remark when she heard the second of the two "great commandments." She said: "We have a quarrel with our nearest neighbor. What will happen to us for this?" After a good long talk we left them, they saying that they would say their prayers and go to bed.

These two places which I have mentioned were stopping places on the way—not the places which I started out to visit. My letter will grow too long if I attempt to tell you of the strong church in Harek and of the work which the former pupils of our school are doing there, and of the two inter-

esting mountain out-stations which I reached by horse-back journey. The work of our girls, as I saw it, was strong and strengthens me for continued work here at the center.

Everything goes well with the work this year. The mission force is much strengthened by the coming of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer and Dr. Marden. Our school is full and good work is being done.

Williams Hospital, P'ang Chuang, China

BY MRS. EMMA B. TUCKER, M.D. AND MR. FRANCIS F. TUCKER, M.D.

THE ten months since the last chapter in the history of the Williams Hospital was written have been busy ones, though as far as the physicians were concerned much of the time their work was conducted at long range. Half of the period they were at Lin Ch'ing, attempting to find the needed opportunity for language study.

The timely arrival of Dr. Susan Tallman in December was a blessing to the medical phase of the Shantung work. Her preparation has been so varied and so fitting that it argues well for the Lin Ch'ing field. Her coming made it possible for the P'ang Chuang physicians to go to Lin Ch'ing, leaving the foreigners, happily augmented in numbers, in her professional care. During these months of residence at P'ang Chuang she has avoided other medical work with difficulty.

The health of the missionaries has been such as to permit their continued efforts, when perhaps in some cases they should have been discontinued for a time; but golden present opportunities for Christ are more alluring than a distant taste of bitter tablets is restraining. The October addition to our force, Miss Mary Helen Stanley, quite eclipsed other P'ang Chuang events of like nature since our last mission meeting.

Some of the members of the two stations touched upon in this report, urged on by the exigencies of building houses, by the feeling that the present opportunities were soon to take wings, by the seeming pressure of duties mammoth in size and number, have possibly mortgaged their future. The half dozen assorted samples of "new missionaries" (may their tribe increase) have perhaps not fully realized that acclimatization is a very real problem, and that the greater the care now the more sturdy will be their temples of the Holy Ghost later. The regular inhabitants of the compound, 125 in number, have had relative health, largely due to the care of those in charge of the schools.

By a system of detailed reports we have attempted to keep in touch with the P'ang Chuang medical work when away, and the fidelity with which hospital and dispensary duties have been performed, including the most

important phase of teaching and preaching to the patients, speaks well for the assistants and teachers in charge. The branch dispensary at Te Chou (hitherto carried on without appropriations) has more than proved its right to exist. The immense arsenal there, now nearly complete, means increased importance to the place, and possibly visits should be made oftener than twice a month. Till recently the arsenal has held aloof from the foreigner, but a recent accident or two has brought a number to the hospital and better relations are in order. It is urged that we have a like branch dispensary at the important city of Cheng Chia K'ou. This may be done if appropriations permit. All about us are requests which call for men and women medically trained. There are also a number, well prepared, who desire to pursue the medical courses offered in our Union Medical College in Peking. It is a pity that these two desires, for financial reasons, cannot offset one another, though \$40 will give the necessary aid for a student for one year. This year we have one representative (He Sheng Ch'ang) in the medical school, while six applied. Our head assistant (Chiang Yiu Shan) has given the usual good account of himself, and has become much more proficient professionally, as well as in matters of administration, to our great relief. Another assistant, because of combined carelessness and ignorance, was responsible for a life lost, which but emphasizes the need for more properly trained help. Perhaps the need is fully as great for a larger supply of preachers and teachers, for the one hundred who are often in the hospital present an opportunity which even the angels do not have. The four "preacher teachers" (two men and two women), so ably and beautifully supplemented by the Misses Wyckoff, have, however, done a great work. The help of Dr. and Mrs. Smith has been greatly missed. Where the ignorance is so dense, more teachers, on fire with love for souls, are sadly needed. To win these men, women and children, to plant the seed, and in many cases to gather the fruit, is the main reason the hospital exists. We look to the hospital, not to the dispensary patients for results, though daily preaching and explanation is the portion of the latter also.

The hospital would have had a difficult time to get along at all were it not for the appreciated and consecrated special gifts that have come during the year, including the income (\$90) from the "Tank Endowment"; and yet our total income is about one fourth of that of the average mission hospital in China of the same size. Our clientele is helping as never before; the receipts on the field for the year in fees ($1\frac{1}{2}$ cents a visit) and gifts being \$208.50 Mexican currency. This is not much, but we are in a region of nearly two million of the earth's poorest. Our hospital is the only medical aid for them all except the minus quantity furnished by the native quack.

With pleasure is it noted that there has been a marked increase in the sale (at cost) of soap and condensed milk—about the only "medicines" the hospital sells. If this be contrary to treaty we request treaty revision. Our heavy tablet machine has paid for itself, and the output already is not only satisfactory, but the tablets cannot be imitated by the Chinese. Needless to say, the boycott disturbs us not at all; the aching tooth does not object to an American cure.

Despite the furor in several lands decrying patent medicines there is no such movement in China. There is "movement" enough, but all in the direction of increased advertising and sale of all sorts of noxious nostrums. Alas, that they should be advertised (and therefore endorsed) in some of the Christian papers of China as well as in other periodicals, and so bring true medicine into disrepute. A supply of good Chinese physicians will assist in eradicating this evil, which seems sure to become more severe. A small fifteen-grain bottle of dirty looking powder was offered the writer at Lin Ch'ing for a few cash. The vender guaranteed that my headache, my indigestion, my failing eyesight, my sore foot, and a number of other troubles I inquired about, would surely be cured—all for one cent from the same minute bottle. The hospital should have eight or ten times the present yard area if possible, and yet fall far short of its opportunities as a country hospital.

Limited space forbids mention of eyes God has opened in a double sense; of the noble boy who was here over a year, and then, having become a Christian, God took him; of his mother, who unbound her feet and opened her heart to the gospel; of the grateful woman whose foot has just been taken off because of disease resulting from the cruel foot-binding custom; of the grand array of fifteen nursing babes here at one time because of their mothers' ailments; of the beggars whose stomachs were lined, while they were cured quicker than they desired; of the former blind patient, who returns this summer to preach in the hospital after a year in the School for the Chinese Blind in Peking; of suffering and sorrow oft relieved. These are from the land of Sinim; they have life, and they have it more abundantly.

Next year will not only be the centennial of Protestant missions in China, but the quarter centennial of medical missions in P'ang Chuang. May it be even a grander year than those that have gone before. Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above and in the power of the King of Heaven.

Woman's Board of the Interior

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RECEIPTS FROM JULY 10 TO AUGUST 10, 1906

COLORADO	120 50	MISCELLANEOUS	225 00
ILLINOIS	1,078 36	Receipts for the month	\$3,636 23
INDIANA	2 50	Previously acknowledged	46,816 99
IOWA	568 74	Total since October, 1905	\$50,453 22
KANSAS	186 48		
MICHIGAN	335 46	ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
MINNESOTA	189 27	Receipts for the month	\$56 00
MISSOURI	266 16	Previously acknowledged	798 44
NEBRASKA	107 72	Total since October, 1905	\$854 44
OHIO	407 50		
SOUTH DAKOTA	23 30		
WISCONSIN	104 45		
NEW MEXICO	2 95		
TURKEY	17 84		

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